

SOL. MILLER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER. >

THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION.

der to obtain the true time. The pyramid build-

{ TERMS-\$2.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

DEMOCRATIC COMPORT.

TUNE-"Rosin the Bour

Chosus—
Then, here's to a solid Yazoo-oo-oo—
Perpetually solid YazooWhen all other comforts shall fail them,
They can turn to a solid Yazoo.

The elections that came in October,
Were, beyond all comparison, rough;
The party was fairly knocked sober,
And this was disgustingly tough.
When Ohio and Iowa voted.
Yen can bet things leoked mighty blue,
But the hun-hearted Democracy
Braced up, as they thought of Yazoo.

CHORES—
Then, here's to a solid Yazoo-oo-ooPerpetually solid Yazoo—
Whenever the bar'l fails elsewhere,
You can bet on a solid Yazoo.

But 't was on the fourth day of November,
The Democracy got their worst fall;
That threshing they long will remember,
As the roughest and toughest of all.
At first it appeared they would perish;
And they never would have got through,
Except for the sweet consolation
They derived from their trusty Yazoo.

CHORT's—
Then, here's to a solid Yazoo oo ooPerpetually solid Yazoo—
An unfailing well of sweet comfort
To the Democrat's soul is Yazoo.

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VOLUME XXIII.—NUMBER 26.

Choice Loetry.

GOING HOME. BY JAMES G. CLARK.

Kiss me when my spirit flies— Let the beauty of your eyes fleem along the waves of death. While I draw my parting breath, And am borne to yonder shore. Where the billows beat no more, And the notes of endless Spring Through the groves immortal ring

I am going home te-night, Gut of bilindness into sight; Out of weakness, war, and pain, Into power, peace, and gain; Out of Winter, gale, and gloom, Into Sommer breath and bloom;

Kiss my lips, and let me go— Nearer swells the sole mn flow Of the wond rous stream that rolls By the border-land of sonis— I can eatch sweet strains of songs Floating down from distant throng And can feel the touch of hands Respling out from angel lands. ing out from angel bands

Anger's frown and en vy's thrust, Friendship chilled by cold distrust Sleepless night and weary morn, Toll in fruitless land fortorn, Aching head and breaking heart, Love destroyed by slander's dart, Drifting ship and darkened sea, Over there will righted be.

Sing in numbers low and sweet, Let the songs of two worlds meet-We shall not be sundered long— Like the fragment of z song. Like the branches of a rill. Parted by the rock or hill. We shall blend in time and time, Loving on in perfect rhyme.

When the moon tide of your days When the most tide of your days Yields to twilights silver haze, Ere the world recedes in space, Heavenward lift your tender face; Let your spirit call for mine, And my own will answer you, From the drep and boundless blue.

Swifter than the sunbeam's flight, I will cleave the gloom of night, And will guide you to the laid. Where our loved ones waiting stand, And the legions of the blest. They shall welcome you to rest.—They will know, you when your eyes. On the bless of gloty rise.

When the parted streams of life doin leyend all jarring strife. And the flowers that withered lay Blossom in eternal May— When the voices hushed and dear Thrill once more the raptured car We shall feel, and know, and see, God knew better far than we.

Select Story.

HOW I FOUND MY WIFE.

BY MES. J. M. EMERY.

It is a good many years since the incidents I am going to relate occurred. Yet when I look back the that time, a shudder passes over me, and I am an actor again in the same scenes. At that time, I was a messenger to one of the largest commercial houses in Montreal. I often traded in Vermont and New Hampshire, taking the towns of East and West Bolton in my way. The railroads did not nenetrate the country The railroads did not penetrate the country very far at that time, and I had to depend upon the stages and private conveyances. I was often the hearer of considerable money, yet had never met with any adventure that imperilled life or treasure, until this time. I had collected life or treasure, until this time.

quite a sum of money, and was on my way back to Montreal, and had taken the stage at Forest-ville which reached Derby at 7 o'clock. There I intended to stay all night, and resume my I intended to stay all night, and resume my the following morning. We arrived journey on the following morning. We arrived there in due time. I called for supper, and while partaking of it, a letter was brought me, stating that one of my employers was at Farleigh, and expected to meet me there at ten o'clock the next day. He expected that I would take private conveyance and get there at that time.

Feeling very tired, I would have much pre-Feeling very tired, I would have much preferred staying where I was until the stage went in the morning; but I had to obey orders. So I called the hotel keeper, and asked if he could furnish a team to carry me through. He told me there was a man there that lived nine unless farther on my way, and he thought it likely he would be willing to carry me through—the distance was sixteen miles. I asked him if I could rely upon the stranger's honesty. He replied he had never heard anything to his disadvanter. He sent the man in, who appeared all he had hever heard anything to his disadvan-tage. He sent the man in, who appeared all right. He was about forty-five years old, and of stout build. He had not a handsome face, but I thought be might be honest, which was

the main point.

We struck a bargain at once. He was to carry me as far as his house that night, and early in the morning, he would fluish the other sev-eu miles. This suited me, as I only cared to be there in the second

there in time to meet my employer.

It was a cold, dreary night in the early part of December, and the ground was rough, and partly covered with snow. We started as soon as I had finished my meal, and on the way, conversed upon every topic that came to our minds. I was not at all backward in speaking of my busines, thinking it no harm, as the honest man at my side spoke of his poverty, and the hard times that he found in laying up anything for a

We were two hours in getting to his home, where a good fire and a hot supper awaited us. A young girl of sixteen or thereabouts stood ready to wait upon us. I was much struck with the appearance of the struck with the struck win the struck with the struck with the struck with the struck with with the appearance of this girl, as she appeared so much above her surroundings. She was very pretty and lady-like, although rather diffident. But when she speke, her language was good, and her voice well modulated. She seemed a rate creature to find in the wild forests of ed a rare creature to find in the wild forests of Cauada. My bost noticed my surprise, and

said—
"No doubt you think it strange to find my daughter so much better educated than her father. But I have but lately brought ber home from Sherbrooke, to keep house for me, where she has been attending school, for the last three years. She does not resemble me at all. She transfer her mether." favors her mother."

favors her mother."

At the time we were talking, she was flitting around, preparing things for our early breakfast. The house was built of logs, strong and substantial, and consisted of three regus, the kitchen, which also served as a dining room, another leading from it, and a garret over these. When it was time to retire, I was conducted the strong was the best told me to rest secure.

to the garret. My host told me to rest securely, as they were never troubled with thieves in that part of the edunity, the people being too poor. He then left me, with a small piece of candle. The bed did not look very inviting, but I was tired, and thought I could sleep anywhere

where.
Shortly after, I heard the man tell Rose, as he called her, to go to bed, and he would call her in the morning, and said that he would go out and see if Jack had got home, and look after the horses. I heard him tramping off, and very soon I heard a rap upon my door. I had not undressed, so I opened the door at once. I was surprised to see my host's daughter there. She spoke in hurried accents.

"Oh, sir, do not undress this night! You are in a nest of robbers and murderers. They

in a nest of robbers and murderers. The mean to kill you before morning. Have you

"Yes, my girl; but is this man not your fa-ther?"

distinguish what they said, as they spoke low. But soon they grew a little londer in their tones, and I peered through a crack, to get sight of them. They were two younger men than my host, but more desperate looking. Thief and marderer was plainly stamped upon their ugly faces.

heir ugly faces.
I thought if I only had a chance, how well I I thought if I only had a chance, how well I should like to pepper the rascals, with a brace or two of bullets. But I remembered in time that discretion was the better part of valor, so I lay down upon the bed, and breathed load and heavily. There was an instant bush, and I heard one whisper—
"He sleeps sound enough."
Said another—

"Now, boys, would be a good time to take bim unawares." 'No," said my host, whom they called Bat. "No," said my host, whom they called Bat.
"It's too soon; in an hour from now will be
time epough. No use to berry in such things.
And, by the way, a good pull at the whiskey
bottle will make our nerves steadier. I am
more nervous than I used to be. The time was
when I could slit a windpipe with as little feel
ing as I'd light my pipe now. That was in the
time of Dan Baxter. He was a hard 'un. He would shoot a man as coully as he would a par-tridge. But poor old Dan has gone up-or down-it puzzles me to know which. If it had not been for me, he would have finished little

Rose."

"How did you come by the girl, anyhow? I would like to hear that story."

"Yes," said Jack, "while we are waiting, tell us about that. I am going to have her for a wife one of these days, and I would like to hear

"Ha! ha!" said Nat. "How do you know They speke louder, and Bat stopped their They speke louder, and Bat stopped their wrangling, by telling them, that the first one that gave him \$500, should have the girl. They did not demur at this, but urged Bat on to tell

that gave him \$500, should have the girl. They did not demur at this, but urged Bat on to tell the story.

"Well," said Bat, (and he took another pull at the whiskey) "It is just thirteen years last mouth, since Dan Baxter brought a man and wife and little girl to his house. They came from France to the States, and hearing of a relative in Montreal, they came on this way. Dan run a kind of private stage, just as I do now. They were nice looking folks, and just worshipped each other. They were wealthy people, too, and it was always a mystery to me why we didn't find more money. One thousand dollars was all we could find. They had good clothes and some jewelry, but we were disappointed at the small amount of money, and us taking so much risk. They were very fond of their little Rosamond, as they called her; I call her Rose.

"We put them in the garret to sleep. In them days I had old Polly to see to things. They went to bed as easy in the mind as two children, little knowing how soon they would be hurried out of this world into the other one—if there is one, which I much doubt.

"Bat to wake a long story short between

if there is one, which I much doubt.

"But to make a long story short, between twelve and one o'clock, Dan and I crept up welve and one o'clock, Dan and I crept up stairs, and were soon bending over our victims. The man moved. He threw his arm up over his head, leaving his heart exposed. I very quickly buried my kuife in his side. He never woke up, only groaned once, and all was over. This awakened his wife. She started up in bed clasping her child to her heart, and begged pitifully for her child's life and her own. I hesitated, she looked at me so. But Dan, never flinching, drew his kuife across her white throat. She immediately fell back upon her pillow. In a few seconds, all was over. The little girl reached out her arms to me, as if afraid of Dan. I took her up, but he wanted to finish her, too. I said no. 'She shall live, even if she hangs me for it.' It is strange, but I love the girl as if I was her father. I don't know wby, but I know it's so."

At this time, I heard the bar push from the wooden shutter. Moving cautionsly to the opening, I found Rose there, standing on a lad-

wooden shutter. Moving cautiously to the opening, I found Rose there, standing on a ladder. She bade me descend as noiselessly as I could. Closing the window after me, I removed the ladder, and followed my guide up the road a short distance, when I found that she had brought two horses. She bade me hasten. "I am going with you," she said.

We were soon both in the said dies, putting a wide distance between us and the log cabin. There was not much danger of the rascais pursuing us, as we had taken the horses. We kept up a good gait, and arrived safe at Farleigh. The first thing I did after getting there was to send officers on the villains' track. But on reaching the place, they found that the villains had

officers on the villains' track. But on reaching the place, they found that the villaius had made good their escape.

I pitted the poor girl; she had no relatives to go to, and desired me to assist her to Montreal, where she would apply to the Sisters of Charity for an asylum, until she could think about what she should do. She explained to me how she came to know of the villains' designs upon me life.

she came to know of the villains' designs upon my life.

Three months before, she had been brought home to nurse the old woman that had been her foster father's house-keeper. Sie was a half-breed, and had always been kind to her. She was very sick when Rose came, and soon she knew her time was short. Her burdened conscience grew intolerable, and she confided to Rese how her parents had been murdered, and the man that she considered her father, and his companions, villains of the deepest dye. Their business was to entrap all travellers that were supposed to possess money—murder them, and then take all they could get.

"When I saw him come home in company with you," the girl said, "I knew your fate was small. I had been trying to escape, and adopted this plan to save you as well as myself. A box taken from my parents, contained papers and precious stones. The old woman said after the murderers had taken all the money and jewelry they could find, they gave this box to her. Six months ago, she was moving it about, and decidentally let it fall, breaking the spring and disclosing a secret drawer in the bottom, which the murderers had not found out, con-

and accidentally let it fall, breaking the spring and disclosing a secret drawer in the bottom, which the murderers had not found out, containing many precious stones. Here they are. I entrust the stones to your keeping."

We carried the stones to a lapidary, on our arrival at Montreal, who was delighted with the beauty and splender of the stones. He astonished us by saying, that the diamonds alone were worth twenty-five thousand dollars. This had a very saddening effect upon me, as it precluded the bope I had formed concerning my fair preserver.

cloded the hope I had formed concerning my fair preserver.

On looking over the papers, she found that her name was Rosamond Levalle. Her parents came from France, expecting to meet a kinsman of the same name. Hooked for him, and found that he had been dead for some years, so my fair Rosamond was obliged to take refuge with the kind Sisters of Charitg. I conducted her there, and could not help saying that I wished she bad remained poor, as I then might have stood some chance of winning her for my bride.

have stood some chance of winning her for my bride.

She blushed, and requested me to come and see her again; but business compelled me to leave Montreal, and I did not see her for six months. At the end of that time, I went to the Sisters' house and called for her. She came to me with both hands extended, and gave me a warm welcome. I could not fail to observe that she was glad to see me again, notwith-standing the hint I had given her of the state of my feelings. I quickly made known my errand, which was to ask her to be my wife. I told her the old, old story, that is ever new to the youthful heart, of my love for her. She put both hands in mine, saying—

"I have waited for this; take me as I am; I have only you to love me in this wide, wide world."

We have been married many years, and have

world."

We have been married many years, and have experienced many joys, and our sorrows have not been few. but we have not regretted our meeting, in the old log cabin in Canada.

"I cannot tell you now. But prepare to leave the house as soon as I can make arrangements for yon. There is a shutter closed outside with a bar. I will unfasten it for you, and you be ready to descend as soon as you hear me there. Try and feign sleep, when they come in."

She said no more, but quickly descended, and I heard her shutting her own door soon after. Not long afterward, I heard the man come in, necompanied by Jack. They conversed in low tones for some time. Soon they were joined by another, whom they called Nat. I could not and bnsy people of the earth.—Boston Globe.

TROY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1879.

WHAT THE CHIMNEY SANG Over the chimney the night-wind sang.
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the Woman stepped as the habe she tossed,
And thought of the one she had long since lost.
And said, as the tear-drops back she forced,
"I hate the wind in the chimney."

Miscellany.

Over the obtainey the night-wind saug.
And chanted a miclody no one knew;
And the Children said, as they closer dre
"Tis some witch that is cleaving the
through—

Over the chimney the night-wind sang.
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the Man, as he sat on his bearth belo w
Said to himself, "It will enrely snow;
And I'll stop the leak in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night-wind sang.
And chanted a meloty no one knew;
But the poet listened and smiled, for he
Was Man, and Woman, and Child, all three
And he said, "It is God's own harmony.
The wind that sings in the chimney."

EGYPT'S GREATEST MARVEL.

Does the Pyramid Foretell the End of the World?-Prof. Proctor Argues that it Does Not, and Explains his Views of its Purpose and Meaning-Pinzzi Smyth's Measure

Prof. Richard A. Proctor's lecture on "The Great Pyramid: Its Purpose and Meaning." in Chickering Hall yesterday afternoon, was attended by a very large and intelligant andience. A very lively interest has of late been excited in the great pyramid by the close approach of the year 1822. According to Prof. Piazzi Smyth, the famous Scottish astronomer, and those who interpret its meaning as he does, the pyramid contains certain secret signs which indiente that in 1822 something is to happen seriously involving the destiny of the human race; perhaps the end of the world. This theory supposes that the great pyramid was erected by Divine aid, and that it was intened to preserve these prophecies through ages until men, rightly instructed, should unraved their meaning. Prof. Proctor has no sympathy, it might almost be said no patieuce, with this theory. He began by saying that he did not propose to advance any special theory to account for the great pyramid, although he had decided opinions about it. It has been supposed that the pyramids were intended as a protection against floods or sand storms; that they were built for tombs; that they served as vast treasure houses; that they were intended as a protection against floods or sand storms; that they were built for tombs; that they were intended for temples, and that they were astronomical observatories. The notion that the great pyramid, or, as it is sometimes called, the Pyramid of Cheops, after the name of the king who built it, was a vast treasure house, led Al Mamoun to break into it at great cost and labor, but he got nothing for his pains.

As to its being a tomb, the lecturer said, it does not seem reasonable to suppose that kings would spend a large part of their lives and a vast amount of treasure merely in preparing tombs for themselves. As to the pyramid having been either a temple or an observatory, it must be said that the present condition of what purposes it may have subserved before it was finished in the form in which we see it. The great pyramid was

not constructed in the same way, and was not as fine a work.

It is absolutely certain, Prof. Proctor said, that none but astronomers were the builders of the great pyramid, because the plan of it is so nearly perfect astronomically. If a modern astronomer had no telescope, but had unlimited commad of money and labor, he would desire to erect just such a structure as the great pyramid is, to supply the place of the telescope. It would give him what he would especially desire, a perfectly firm structure, and definite lines along which to look in a particular direction at the heavenly bodies. Supposing that such was the object of the pyramid of Che-ps, the astronomers who had it constructed, being, probably, unacquainted with logarithmic tables such as we possess, would wish to deal with the simplest possible angles in their calculations. This would lead them to select a latitude for their observatory that would not involve any difficult angles in observations depending on the elevaobservatory that would not involve any difficult angles in observations depending on the elevation of the pole and the equator of the heavens. Theoretically the very best latitude that they could select would be the parallel of thirty degrees north; and that is just what they did select. The position of the great pyramid is so close to that parallel that it seems almost cortain that the astronomers, its builders, obtained the latitude by observations of both the pole star and the sim, the former being elevated onethe latitude by observations of both the pole star and the sun, the former being elevated one-third of the distance from the horizon to the point overhead, and the latter two thirds of that distance. It is very probable that they knew nothing of the apparent displacement of the heavenly bodies caused by the refraction of the atmosphere, and if they did not, the discrepan-cies that they would find between the result of their observations upon the sun and those upon the pole star would lead them to strike a fair mean between the results, giving, as a modern astronomer would do, greater weight to the pole star method; and so they would be led to place the pyramid just where they did place it. The belief that the pyramid builders calculated the position of thir work before beginning it, is supported by the fact that the platean of rock on which the great varying days depends a broatly

belief that the pyramid builders calculated the position of thir work before beginning it, is supported by the fact that the plateau of rock on which the great pyramid stands ends a bruptly at that point, and the parallel of 30 degrees north latitude, as the pyramid builders calculated it, is so close to the edge of the rock that they had to bank up the edge with cobble stones before beginning their building.

They would require a perfectly flat surface of considerable extent, and this was furnished in the base of the pyramid. This base was about 762 feet square, but so well did they level it that, in the lecturer's opinion, as they had no telescopes, they must have obtained the level by flooding the whole space with water. Next they would have the difficult task of setting their building four square to the points of the compass, and in this they succeeded admirably. To obtain the north point they would naturally make observations on the pole star as it passed beneath the true pole in its dimran circle. At that time its direction would be true north. To do this they would though into the rocky base of their proposed pyramid, making a passage pointing to the pole star at its lower culmination, and continued to the entrance point in the side. This tannel leads deep down into the heart of the vast rock on which the pyramid, and is continued to the entrance point in the side. This tannel leads deep down into the heart of the vast rock on which the pyramid, and is continued to the entrance point in the side. This tannel leads deep down into the heart of the vast rock on which the pyramid, and is continued to the entrance point in the side. This tannel leads deep down into the heart of the vast rock on which the pyramid, and is continued to the entrance point in the side. This tannel leads the pyramid, and is continued to the entrance point in the pyramid stads, and ends in a rough, unfinished chamber, which some have viewed as symbolical of the Bottonless Pit. In order to mark the place of the muderground passage at

der to obtain the true time. The pyramid builders, then, as soon as they began to erect their pyramid, made another tunnel, connecting at the base with the north tunnel, and sloping at the same angle to the south. In order to obtain this agreement of angles, they probably used the principle of the reflection of light, in which the angles of incidence and of reflection are equal, by plugging up the north tunnel at its point of intersection with the south tunnel, pouring water into the triangular space at the junction, and observing the line of reflection of the pole star as seen shining down through the north tunnel upon the water. Then this water was allowed to run down into the tunnel in the rock to the unfinished chamber before described as having been regarded by some as symbolical of the Bottomless Pit, and which Prof. Proctor regards as a mere place for rubbish and for the water, which would be used perhaps once a year, as the pyramid rose higher and higher, to soak away in.

water, which would be used perhaps once a year, as the pyramid rose higher and higher, to soak away in.

After going a certain distance the south-pointing passage enlarges into the great gallery. Prof. Piazzi Smyth measured the distance from the enterance of the pyramid down the north tunnel to its intersection with the rising south passage, and announced that the number of inches corresponded to the number of years in Biblical history between the creation and the exodus from Egypt. Then he measured up the south passage to the beginning of the Great Gallery, and counted as many inches as there were years from the exodus to the beginning of the Christian era. Next he measured the length of the Great Gallery, and found it to be 1,832 inches, whence the conclusion that in 1832 the Christian era will end, and certain curious small chambers beyond this point enclosed in the solid masoury were regarded as in some way symbolical of some great event in the world's history.

But Prof. Proctor sees in the Great Gallery only a very ingeniously constructed chamber for astronomical observers. Certain pecultarities in its architecture he finds to be just what astronomers would have desired to enable them to make an accurate series of observations on the southing of the planets and of certain stars. As to the ingenious measurements of Prof. Smyth and the conclusions drawn from them, the lecturer said that it is always possible to make such measurements result in certain coincidences. Some one, to prove the untrustworthiness of the coincidences of measurements discovered in the pyramid, made a series of measurements of a pianoforte in his room, and found just as many strange coincidences. No account is kept, the lecturer said, of the cases in which coincidences don't happen, and the measure doesn't fit. And, in fact, the coincidences are not exact any way.

Prof. Proctor ascribes an earlier date to the

Prof. Proctor ascribes an earlier date to the

Prof. Proctor ascribes an earlier date to the building of the great pyramid than that given by some. In 3370 B.C. Alpha Draconis was the pole star, and calculation shows that at that time Alpha Centauri, a resplendent star in the southern heavens, and the nearest of all the stars to the earth, as far as our measurements show, was visible from the Great Gallery through the southern passage in the pyramid. This is also about the date that Egyptologists assign to King Cheops.

The lecturer next said that it cannot be assumed that this great pyramid was built with such fine facilities for astronomical observation merely for the sake of science. It is more likely that the astronomers who constructed it, and who were also astrologers, played upon she ignorance of the kings, and professed to be able not only to read but to rule the stars, and the kings, who farmished the money and the men to build those vast piles, did it in the hope of learning, through the astrologers who were to use them, something of their future fortunes, which the astrologers professed to be able to govern by means of the stars.

Tens of thosands of lives were sacrificed in the building of these piles, and the old historians tell us that Cheops and his brother were held in detestation for generations afterward for the miseries they had brought upon their people in constructing the pyramids, and yet we are asked to believe that this work was inspired of God! Prophetic meaning is ascribed to the construction of the pyramid, and yet the meaning is not found out until the building has become so dilapidated by time and destruction that almost any theory could be fitted to it. If it had seemed that the lecturer had treated such a theory flippaulty, it was became he regarded it as an insult and a mockery to the Almighty. [Applause.]—N. Y. Sun.

CATHERINE HOGARTH DICKERS, Her Children and her Sisters-An Incident that Suspended the Publication of "Nicho-ins Nickleby."

that Suspended the Publication of "Nichelas Nickleby."

Mrs. Catherine Hogarth Dickens, widow of Charles Dickens, the novelist, died November 22sl, at her residence in Gloncester Croscent, Regent's Park, Loudon, aged about 65 years. She had been suffering for more than a year from a lingering illness. Mrs. Dickens was a daughter of the late George Hogarth, a well-known man of letters, who was an early associate of Charles Dickens on the staff of the London Morning Chroniele. She was married April 2, 1836, three days after the appearance of the first number of the "Pickwick Papera". She lived with Mr. Dickens for twenty-two years, on terms of apparent happiness and mutual affection, as is testified by the collection of Dickens. "Letters," just published, in which a large portion of the contents of the first volume (from 1833 to 1850, inclusive) was addressed to her in a tone of great cardiality. From the latter date, the letters to her are conspicuous by their absence, nor is any reference to her existence readily discernible in the concluding volume. Mrs. Dickens accompanied her husband during his first visit to the United States, in 1842, during his Italian journey of 1844, and during many visits to France. She bore him seven sons and three daughters, of whom the second son, Walter Landor, a Lientenant in the Forty-second Royal Highlanders, died suddenly at Calcutta, December 31, 1863, aged 23 years; the fifth son, Sydney Smith, a naval officer, died at sea, in 1872, and the youngest daughter. Dora, died in infancy, in 1851. The surviving sons are named Charles, Francis Jeffrey, Alfred Tennyson, Henry Fielding, and Edward Bulwer Lytton, of whom the first named is now becoming known as an anthor, while Alfred and Edward are farmers in Australia. Of the two surviving danghters, the elder, Mary (called Mamie), has just edited her father's "Letters," and the younger Catherine (called Kate), was marrie to Mr. Charles Allston Collins, brother of Wilkie Collins, the novelist, and on his death, to a Mr. Perugini. As i The cause of the separation has never been au-thentically made known. Mr. Forester's biog-raphy preserves the greatest reticence on the subject, though the chief blame is allowed by him to rest upon the novelist, in accordance with the general current of public opinion.—N Y. Herald.

MRS. Dickens came to this country with her husband on his first visit. When young, she had a pretty, innocent face, but without reach expression. Her two sisters, Fanny and Georgia, both younger than herself, were handsomer and livelier. Georgias was the youngest, and of a very vivacious and energetic nature; she was the very opposite of Mrs. Dickens. Fannie died anddenly of heart disease, while she was waiting for her brother-in-law to take her to the theatre. The shock was so great to him, that he suspended the publication of "Nichritas Nickleby" for nearly six weeks. On his separation, in 1858, from his wife, Georgina became his house-keeper, and devoted herself to the care of his children. She had, however, previous to that period, relieved her married sister from most of her bousehold cares. Mrs. Dickens was the mother of ten children, and lived with her husband nearly twenty-five years. She had a severe attack of illness last spring, and little hope was entertained of her recovery. She suffered severely from illness during the winter, the immediate cause of suffering being the offects of an accident sustained several years ago at the Prince of Wales' thanksgiving.—X. I. Times.

TEXAS would make thirty-five States the size

A PRIVATE AND PARTICULAR WAIL FROM A STATESMAN OF GEORGIA.

| What I meant to say was, that the victory of the Northern armies was the death of the Union.—ROBERT TOOMSS.]

There was a bold warrier in Georgia did dwell, He had but one hobby, I've often heard tell; His name it was Robby ert—some 70 years old— And he said, "Oh, the Union's dead corpus is cold." The audience will respectfully remove their hats and their

Chouts—
"O, boo-boo! O, hoo-boo! A-wah-boo-a-hay!
The Union is perished and vanished away;
Let the crocodile weep and rhinoceros bray.
That we live to behold this unfortunate day? He waved his hand, and remarked. "It was me! When Yankees invaded the land of the free, I rushed to the field with mule, asbre, and gan. And fought to preserve the great Uni-i-an."

fAt this point the surprised and grateful audience wil are a laurel screath upon his noble brow, and chant, as Cnours-'O, boo-hoo! O, hoe-hoo!" etc.

"A part is much greater than all of a thing And States over the Nation are sovert ing

"The Constitution was ruined when they Would not let us capture Fort Sunter, that day: We straightway did P. G. T. Beauregard join, To vanquish the focs of the Unit-oin!" On hearing this sentiment, the audience is scrought up to high pitch of enthusiasm, and sight, clapping its hands,

CHORES-"O, boo-hoo ! O," etc.

CHORES-"O, boo-boo!" etc. "There can be no Freedom or Union until Each master can wallop his niggers at will When Yankee hordes put the Confederates of They ended forever the Uni-lown!" A string of onious is passed solemnly around,

CHORUS-"O, boo," etc. "There can't be a nation that's solid indeed, Unless every State has a right to secode; Oh, no other Union is wanted down here. Am! for it I'd right like a bold Brigadier I" [The audience, by this time very much affected, rise be out the following new]

Chonts — "Mashallah—ooly-gene—bally—boo-boo!
There sin't any Union for we uns or you!
The shot gen defines what the voter shall do.
For that is a fashion they have at Yazoo!"

HOOKER AND HIS COMMISSION. A Characteristic Interview With Persiden Lincoln in 1861.

As soon as he heard of the attack on Fort Sumter he left his farm, started for the East and offered his services to the National Government. He arrived in New York in May, 1861, at a time when the whole country was clamorous for war. A curious incident is mentioned in connection with his application for appointment to the army on this occasion. He had made the usual formal application for a commission, and had been refused. Partially disgasted, he determined to return again to California, but decided to first call at the White House and pay his respects to Mr. Lincoln. He was introduced, through some mistake, as Captain Hooker, when the American Cincinnatus made the following remark to the President.

"Mr. President, I was introduced to you as Captain Hooker. I am, or was, Lieutenant Colonel Hooker of the regular army. When the war began I was at home in California, and hastened to make a tender of my services to the Government; but my relations to General Scott or some other impediment stands in the way, and I see no chance of making my military knowledge and experience useful. I am about to return, but before going I was anxious to pay my respects to you, and to express my wish for your personal welfare and for your success in putting down this infernal rebellion. And I wast, while I am at it, to say one thing more. I was at Bull Run the other day, Mr. President, and it is no vanity or hoasting in me to say that

want, white I am at it, to say one thing more. I was at Bull Run the other day, Mr. President, and it is no vanity or boasting in me to say that I am a better general than you, sir, had on that field."

I am a better general than you, sir, had on that field."

Mr. Lincoln, in relating the occurrence subsequently, said: "His eye was steady and clear, his manner not half so confident as his words, and altogether he had the air of a man of sense and intelligence, who thoroughly believed in himself, and who would at least try to make his word good. I was impressed with him, and, rising out of my chair, walked up to him, and, putting my hand on his shoulder, said: "Colonel, not Lieutenant Colonel Hooker, stay. I have use for you, and a regiment for you to command." In every position in which he has been put General Hooker has equaled the expectations which his self-confidence excited. As a Colonel, as a Brigadier and as a Major-General he has done exceedingly well, and should be ever be called to command the army! have no doubt he would acquit himself as gallantly as any man in the equit himself as gallantly as any man in the country."-New York Herald.

TWO MEN LAY DEAD.

The One Was a Soldier and the Other a Ci-During the bustle and excitement of the election yesterday, it must have occurred to many persons of redective habits that two men lay dead and yet unburied, whose services helped to make voting of any value, even if possible, in this Republic. The one was a soldier, and the other a civillian. He who fought so well at Chancellorsville and Chattanooga, at Bull Run and Antietam, slept at Garden City the sleep which knows no waking. Another, who as a Senator, in the hour of his country's peril, never for a moment wavered m his loyalty, was borne, his work all over, back to the city which had known him so long and well. One can not help thinking of the eager interest with which he would have read to-day, if living, the popular verduct yesterday rendered. So men come and go, and so the world keeps on its accustomed ways, when they have departed. Others take their places in the field or the council chamber, and it is much that they are missed for a little while. And yet, after all, the melancholy reflection of Burke—"what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue"—is hardly much more than a taking bit of rhetoric. An honest, well-won fame is not a shadow, not is the conneciousness of having acted unselfishly and patriotically, even although no fame should follow. It is not permitted to the masses of men to accomplish political duty in a large and conspicuous way; yet every citizen who yesterday voted houestly and intelligently, and possibly with some disadvantage to himself, also sevred his country, and is entitled to credit for so doing. All cannot be Generals like Hooker, nor Senators like Chandler, yet neither of these could have accomplished so much for the country in its sore need, if he had not been supported by masses of well-meaning, loyal soldiers and voters. We want leaders, but not the less those who are willing to be led in the paths of right and duty.—New Tork Tribuse, Nor. 5th. During the bustle and excitement of the elec-

NASBY ON YAZOO.—We her kerried Yazoo County by increest majorities. Ever sence the last barl or powder, with shot agreeable, wuz sent down ther, ther bez bin a regler lessenin uv the Republikin vote, and the trade in toom-stuns wood hev bin tremenjusly increest, of the survivers hed hed the temerity to stay long enuff to put up monuments to ther ded. long enuff to put up monuments to ther ded. But wat kin Mississippi do alone! - Toledo

Congressman Frye, of Maine, relates the foilowing incident of Grant and Watterson, of Kentucky. We find it in the Cincinnati Eaquirer, and regard it too good to be lost. Mr. Frye said:

During the Electoral excitement of 1877, Henry Watterson one night called at the White House, and was introduced to President Grant. The President received him graciously, and said:

UTILIZING THE ADAMSES.—The members of the Adams family are very useful. Whenever the Democrats of Massachusetts are sure of defeat, they simply catch one, place him on the track, and stand off to watch the Republican locomotive run over him. There is more fun in Massachusetts politics than you can shake a stick at.—Atlanta Constitution.

"CATALPA," one of the oldest of the historic mansions of Virginia, and the residence of Dr. J. J. Mosby, a Culpeper physician, was burned to the ground a few days ago. The house was built by Roger Dixon, in 1748, and in front of it were mustered the "Culpeper Minute Men," called out by Patrick Henry.

Ir Grant is elected President again it may be four years, and it may be forever, sings the party, just now, to the earth—somewhat flattened at the polls.

A CHURCH WITH A HISTORY. Celebrating the Birthday of the Cradle of

The elections last Spring were terrifle, In remote Calfornia and Maine; From Atlantic across to Pacific. Roared and rattled the Republican train. But e'en while the starm raged the londest, The Democracy, hopeful and true. Bent their breasts, and tried to look proudes As they thought of old solid Yazoo. The old John Street Methodist Episcopal Church

The old John Street Methodist Episcopal Church—better known as "the cradle of American Methodism"—celebrated, recently, the one hundred and thirteenth anniversary of its foundation, by a number of special services. The celebration began at 9 o'clock, with a union love feast in the lecture-room of the old church, conducted by Bishop W. L. Harris. In the audience were a very large number of the old member of the church, many of whom spoke. Several said that they had been members of the John Street Church for over fifty years, and one woman said she had joined the society sixty-six years ago. Bishop Harris was assisted by a number of clergymen who had been pastors of the church. At 10:30 a.m., the Rev. C. D. Foss, President of the Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Conn., preached to a very large congregation in the miain andience room. His text was from Acts ii., 32—"This Jesus hath God raised up, whereof we are a!l witnesses." The lesson drawn from this text by Dr. Foss was that the truth of Christianity is attested by posthat the truth of Christianity is attested by positive personal experience. A "reunion meeting of the old members" was announced for 3 o'clock, but at the last moment the character of the meeting was changed, and short addresses were made by Bishop Harris, who presided, and the Rev. Drs. Cyrus D. Foss, and Charles H. Fowler, editor of the Christian Advantage, and the Rev. Mr. Caswell, of Oswego, N. Y. In the evening, the Rev. J. O. Peck, D. D. pastor of St. John's Methodist Episcopal Church, in Williamsburg, preached to a full congregation. The service was preceded by a prayer-meeting for young persons, presided overby Mr. John Bentley. Special collections were made at the various services for the benefit of the church, and the captributions were liberal. Among the ministers that the truth of Christianity is attested by postributions were liberal. Among the ministers who were present, besides those named, were the Rev. Drs. Sanford Hunt, of the Methodist Book Concern; Wm. H. Du Pny, one of the elitors of the Christian Advocate; and A. Lowrey, of this city; the Revs. T. D. Littlewood, Levi Perry, A. S. Francis, and the venerable Harvey Comp. of Ohio who, was the means of bringing

And Yaroo did not disappoint them.
But came beautifully up to the scratch,
And for all the great Northern States
Proved equal, and more than a match.
So the Democrats spit on their hands.
And with an occasional boo hoo.
They swore they would never let go
Of delectable, darling Yaroo.

CHORUS—
So here's to a solid Yazoo-oo-orPerpetually solid Yazoo—
Pennecracy's auro to be happy,
As long as we have a Yazoo. MRS. EATON.

enth of the Woman for Whom General Jackson Made a Fight-The Fierce Pas-sions of Mashington Society Fifty Years Ago.

Camp, of Ohio, who was the veneration larvey, Camp, of Ohio, who was the means of bringing Harris into the Methodist Church, and the Rev. B. T. Abbott, the present pastor of the church. A large number of prominent laymen were also present during the day, among them being Mr. J. M. Phillips, the General Treasurer of the Missionary Society, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Church.

The original John Street Church was the first Methodist Church built in America. The first society was organized in 1766, by Philip Embury and Mrs. Barbara Hick. Its meetings were at first held in Embury's private bonse. The congregation which listened to the first sermon, preached by him 113 years ago yersterday, consisted of four persons—Mr. and Mrs. Hick, John Lawrence, (Mr. Hick's hired man,) and Betty, a colored servant. The little society held its first public meeting in a rigging loft located at what is now known as 120 William street, which was then called "Horse-and-Cart street." The build-There died in New York on Saturday a lady, aged eighty-one, the survivor of three husbands, who in her time gained more notoriety than any woman in American history. Though married a third time, Mrs. Eaton retained the name of her second husband, General John H., who was a strong personal friend of Andrew Jackson's, and served for a time in his cabinet as Secretary of War. She was the plump and pleasing daughter of an innkeeper in the early days of Washington, and was celebrated for her beauty and vivacity. Jackson was a patron of her father's house, and the young girl, long before he was President, was daudled on his knee. The affection he formed for the child he never lost for the woman, and no half-hearted friend, he stood by her with stalwart 'caths and terrible frowns through some dark and trying times, and until There died in New York on Saturday a lady, public meeting in a rigging loft located at what is now known as 120 William street, which was then called "Horse-and-Cart street." The building stood until 1854, when it was torn down, to give place to a more substantial structure. On the 29th of March, 1768, the company of Methodists had grown large enough, under Embury's leadership, to warrant the leasing of a lot and the building of a church. The first edifice, which stood on the site of the present structure, was built of stone, faced with blue plaster, and was sixty by forty feet. There were no backs to the seats, and the galleries were reached by a rude ladder. The church was dedicated as "Wesley Chapel," Oct. 30, 1768, the dedicatory sermon being prenched by Philip Embury, from the text, "Sow to yourselves in righteousness, reap in mercy; break up your fallow ground, for it is time to seek the Lord till He come and rain righteousness upon you." Two years later the society built a parsonage on ground adjoining the church, and this was the pioneer of Methodist parsonages. It was a humble wooden building, two stories high, with a narrow stoop in front. The lot on which the church stool was by her with stalwart oaths and terrible frowns through some dark and trying times, and until victory was assured for her over all her enemies. When quite young the tavern-keeper's daughter was married to a paymaster in the navy named Timberlake. His duties called him away from Washington and his bride, with a frequency she seemed to fancy more than he. The gossip of the time, malicious no doubt, and telling only half truths when it took the trouble to concern itself with truth at all, asserts that Old concern itself with truth at all, asserts that Old Hickory himself was not sorry to see the pay-master at his official rather than his marital post. Be this as it may, Timberlake didn't find
the holy state all that his fancy pictured it, and
while light tongues were running on freely
about his charming wife, he put a period to his
existence with a pistol shot. In her widow's
cap Mr. Timberlake, the tavern keeper's daughter, was handsomet and more vivacious than
ever, and just in proportion as Jackson's friendship for her and family was asserted in the
homely and hearty manner characteristic of
the man, scandal grew louder in its assaults on
the Washington beanty, for envy was laughed
at when it dared assert that the widow wasn't
beantiful. When General Eaton, who had been
in the Senate and was a most devoted adherent
of the hero of New Orleans, carried off the widow after a brief courtship, the knowing ones
were more than ever positive that Timberlake's
pistol was a protest against Presidential interference in the domestic affairs of subjects of the
United States. Eaton became Secretary of War,
And the war, sure enough, began. Social life
in Washington was aboeked, at the thought of
that tavera-keeper's girl taking the rank her
husband's position entitled her to, and the old
families, official and others, decided to anot
madam. The opposition to the dashing lady
was not confined to the enomies of General
Jackson, of whom John C. Calmonn, then VicePresident, was one of the bitterest. His friends
were also of the list that proposed to cat the
Eatoness dead. The diplomatic corps followed
suit. Nearly all Washington had set out to
crush her. But she had one stalwart, uncompromising, aggressive friend in Jackson. He awore
by the eternal that she should have proper recognition, or the devil would be to pay. He
made entertainments at which she was the
central figure, and if slight was shown her, woe
to the man that attempted it! Eaton was in the
background. The woman's one hearty champion was the President. He first won over Martin
Van Buren, then Secretary of State, as worder to
de only her proper to the color of the the
diplomatic corps, an dist parsonages. It was a humble wooden building, two stories high, with a narrow stoop in front. The lot on which the church stood was bought, in November, 1770, for £600. The building was large enough for the congregation for a number of years, but in 1817 it was replaced by a larger and better one. The latter was taken down in 1841, and the present building erected in its place. The pulpit and chancel rail which were used in the first church are still in use in the Sunday-school room of the present church, and a number of the original timbers are also a part of the building. A large clock, presented to the first church by John Wesley, is still keeping excellent time in the church, and a number of venerable relics, such as the pulpit Bible, and the brass candlesticks used in the first church, are carefully kept with the records of the society. The John Street Church is the only house of worship owned by the church at large. By a ety. The John Street Church is the only house of worship owned by the church at large. By a special charter from the Legislature, its control is vested in a board of trustees elected by the General Conference of the Methodist Church, He Might Have Been President—Death of the Man who was Within a Vote of the Nomination. Another of Cleveland's old leading citizens Another of Cleveland's old leading entrems has passed away. The Hon. B. W. Jenness died of heart disease at his residence, 113 Prospect Street, on Sunday evening, aged 73. The funeral will take place on Weduesday, at 2 o'clock in the afterneon. Mr. Jenness was born in Deerfield, N. H., July 14, 1806, received a good seadenic selection and in 1821 removed to in the afternoon. Mr. Jenness was born in Deerfield, N. H., July 14, 1806, received a good academic education, and in 1823 removed to Strafford, in that State. He filled the office of Postmaster for lifteen successive years, represented the town in the lower branch of the Legislature, and was High Sheriff for five years. On giving up that office, he became Probate Judge, which position he held for five years. He was nominated by the Breckinridge party for Governor, but declined. In 1845-6 he was appointed to the Senate of the United States to serve out the unexpired term of the Hon. Levi Woodbury. In 1850, he was a member of the Constitutional Convention, to revise the Constitution of New Hampshire.

At the Democratic National Convention held in 1852, the choice of a candidate for President was referred by common consent to the New Hampshire delegation, and a canens was called to name the coming man. The names of Frank lin Pierce and B. W. Jenness were presented, and the balloting commenced. There were nine delegates, and the Chairman not casting a vote, the ballot stood four for Mr. Pierce and four for Judge Jenness. The Chairman was called upon, and gave the casting vote for Mr. Pierce, which eventually made him President of the United States. Had Judge Jenness received that one vote he would, in all probability, have attained the same position as Mr. Pierce.

He came to Cleveland in 1862, and engaged in the lumber trade, building up a splendid business in a very short time by energy and honesty. It politics, he has always been a Democrat, and in religion he was very liberal. Mr. Jenness was married in 1827 to Miss Nancy Shackford of Strafford, N. H., who died in May, 1868. He leaves two daughters.—Clereland Leaf-cr.

THE BLUE GRASS MARE.—Carter Harrison, the THE BLUE GRASS MARE.—Carter Harrison, the Mayor of Chicago, who spread the eagle so gushingly over Graut, the other day, is a Bluegrass Kentuckian, brought up among horses, mules, and horned cattle, near the Bourbon line. He has heard the bray of a dozen juckasses echoing at once along the the cliffs of the Elkhorn, and in his native land they call him K'yahtab. In his youth it made his flesh creep to hear a Yankee neighbor say "k'yow," when he thought it was just the thing to say "k'yahd," or "my reg'yahds."—Kantas City Mail.

The President received him graciously, and said:

"Are you Henry Watterson!"

"I am," was the response.

"The editor of the Courier Journal!"

"Yes, sir, and a member of Congress."

"And are you the same Congressman Watterson that in a public meeting held in Washington, said that you could have 100,000 men here to inaugurate Tilden!"

"Yes, sir," replied Watterson, with a good deal of bashfulness.

"Well," said Grant, "Mr. Watterson, had you brought these men bere, I could have taken care of every one of them. My arrangements, I assure you, were complete. I could have accommodated them all." THE Philadelphis North American remarks that "We have seen many pictures of Washington praying at Valley Forge, but we have never seen any of the same gentleman swearing (at Lee) at Moumouth. The treacherous autordinate deserved a curning, and the Commander-in-Chief gave it to him red-hot."